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Stubborn Love

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Stubborn Love

Jesse Holliday

The pounding of her heart
The beating
The trashing
The pumping
The shrilling
The bumping
The crashing
The fear of unspoken words
The broken silences of his nerves
Around the sway of her curves
to the sound of "I love you"
that she never heard
"I love you"
and
"I like you"
They just couldn't get the urge
As a tingle sensation ran from down his back
and up her spine
to her neck
she went out of her mind
But hey just couldn't get the courage
To be in her life was nice
To not be in it was a sacrifice
To not be in it at all
get in the way of their egos
and let their pride fall
To live short
or to stand tall
Together
Where 2 become 1
A time of love,
strength,
and also fun

but who will save them
and get all these things done?
She will stop at nothing
here she comes!

.....

Like an angel
with wings
off she runs
Before the day break
of the sun,
when dawn is done
She shoots him
an invisible dagger
in his heart
awakening feelings
he had from the start
she is there
she sees them
as he caresses her lip
she grabs him
embrasses him back with a kiss
catching up on all the love
they missed
Being away from each other
but together
Not in the way they belonged
was enough to make their love strong
To finally,
Finally
Hear the music
of their first love song
and hear the story
of how their love came along.
And to tell the memories
of how he finally
turned her cupid lust on.

-

He yearned for him.
He yearned for him.
“I guess, whatever”
As they both
went their separate ways
you could hear the
of her feather
falsely told lies
behind daydreaming
The untold stories
They are screaming
But yet they walk away
“Nothing” they say
All the love they
could’ve had
They gave it away,
Too afraid to stay.
Had to the nerve to pray,
“Do I look okay”
As he looks in the
mirror
God answers, “yes”
From the corner of her eye,
she sees him,
and shames him
with her bow and arrow.
As he takes his last arrogant breath.
As he gets on his knees
He finally hears
that empty “yes”
He feels beautiful
He no longer has to guess
While all the while
he just needed to get the butterflies
out his chest.
He had no reason to believe he was worthless,
His love was wrong.
For love is the melody
to the beating song.

The epic poem
that brings nectar to flower,
and shields it at night.
So that dusk to dawn it
blooms in plain eyesight.
And like that she was gone
she was swift.
Off.
To unseal the fate
of those soon to kiss

